



AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1804.

Seduction :

A TALE OF TRUTH.

(concluded)

THOUGH Doctor Freeman allowed the patient's recovery to be possible, yet the hopes he entertained appeared to be faint. I therefore sent an express immediately to Mr. Butler, who arrived in Manchester-street about twelve o'clock at night. The medicines which Doctor Freeman had administered to his patient for several hours, produced a most profound sleep; and during that time the mind of Mr. Dashmore appeared one moment elated by hope, and the next depressed by grief. As I really sympathized in the young man's sensations, I said every thing in my power to mitigate his distress; when he told me, that, from his first interview with Matilda, he had implored his father to give his consent to the making her his wife; but that he had threatened to disinherit him if he persevered in the idea, yet offered to make him a splendid allowance if she consented to being kept.

That a parent should thus allure his child to the practice of seduction, appeared a crime so unnatural, as scarcely to be conceived; yet, when I reflected upon the numerous vices Sir Charles Dashmore had been guilty of, the shocking account was easily to be believed. Upon the carriage driving up to the door which brought Mr. Butler, the agitated young man hurried out of the room, imploring me to assuage the violence of his emotions, by assuring him, he was ready to make every reparation in his power.

"Tell him," said he, "that, even in this dreadful state of derangement, if a licence can be procured, I will make her my wife."

As I had prepared myself to see this unfortunate father agitated in a greater degree than I had ever beheld, I was astonished to see him enter the parlor with a countenance more resigned than it was possible to expect. "Matilda still lives!" said he, "I am informed by the servants, and has enjoyed some hours of undisturbed rest. I bless the Almighty that I shall once more behold her, and I trust, whisper comfort to her agitated breast."

When I informed him of Mr. Dashmore's generous intentions towards Matilda, if it pleased the Almighty she should be restored, he replied, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? and can my child's character become unspotted, by the mistress being converted into the wife? No, my dear Sir, Matilda shall take no advantage of those professions which compassion alone could have produced. If Sir Charles Dashmore would have disinherited his son for marrying my daughter when innocence and loveliness would have been her only dower, what would be his sensations at hearing he had united himself to a girl whose character had been publicly disgraced?"

I was prevented from replying to these admirable sentiments, by the nurse entering to inform us, that her mistress was awake, and that she appeared perfectly to have regained the powers of recollection, though she seemed very languid, and could scarcely speak. Doctor Freeman, who at that moment returned, requested that her father would not think of going up stairs, until he found whether his patient's mind might be injured by

the interview, or whether it was likely to tend to its relief. In less than half an hour he returned again to us, and told Mr. Butler, he had informed his daughter that he was there, that it seemed to afford her the highest consolation, and that she had requested he would immediately go up stairs; but at the same time desired the nurse to quit the chamber, as she wished to receive him quite alone.

It was in vain that the worthy man attempted to subdue those emotions which the sight of a beloved object is calculated to produce: and it was not until he had taken a reviving cordial, that he found himself able to rise from his seat. After an absence of an hour, he returned to us; and though the traces of sensibility were still to be seen, yet his countenance displayed a mixture of sensation softened by resignation, and illumined by delight.

"I understand from my dear Matilda," said he, "that Mr. Dashmore's father is hourly expected at his house in town; and as she can not positively tax her remembrance, I am inclined to think he may be arrived: I shall therefore send a messenger with a letter, that will prove to him, that though I despise his conduct, I still respect myself! So saying, he seated himself at the writing table, and addressed the Baronet in the following style:

To Sir Charles Dashmore.

"If my mind was capable of feeling any gratification in a passion so degrading as that of revenge, I should not have taken the trouble of informing Sir Charles Dashmore, that his son has made honorable proposals to my poor deluded child, and is only anxious to recompence the injury he has done her, by converting the mistress into the wife. This propo-

sal has been positively rejected, from a sense of what is due to a family in a more elevated sphere: but had Sir Charles Dashmore felt what was due to the sensations of two affectionate parents, the object of their solicitude never had been here. Though the father who could conduct a son into the path of *seduction*, I consider as a disgrace to the name he bears.

"If an union, formed under the sanction of those laws which are no less political than they are divine, could restore that virtue which my child has sacrificed, I should have rejoiced in seeing her Mr. Dashmore's wife. But as a character once obscured can never become resplendent; or the female who has deviated from rectitude, ever acquire respect, I purpose taking her to a spot where she is an entire stranger, and where she will neither be exposed to observation, severity, or contempt. This plan, perhaps, may not be easily accomplished whilst Mr. Dashmore remains in the house. It is, therefore, my request, that, by persuasion or compulsion, the destroyer of my Matilda's happiness may be removed.

"With a mind tortured by the most afflicting sensations, I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

EDWARD BUTLER."

To this letter Mr. Butler received an answer highly complimentary to the sentiments it expressed, and at the same time offering an allowance to Matilda, that would at once raise her above every pecuniary distress. Scarcely had Mr. Butler perused this epistle, and expressed his indignation at the idea of his daughter's being *obliged*, when a servant arrived to inform Mr. Dashmore, that his father was suddenly taken ill. Though the young man appeared shocked at this intelligence, he refused quitting the house without seeing the object of his desires; when, after imploring her to persuade her father to consent to their union, he promised to return to her again in a short space of time. Though Mr. Butler was persuaded he would not have the power of fulfilling this promise, yet he felt anxious to have his daughter removed; and the moment Doctor Freeman thought it could be done without danger, she was carried to a lodging that was ready prepared.

Whilst Matilda was attended by her father with unremitting tenderness, I red to my country seat, and under the disposal of Mr. Butler's proper-

ty, as he had determined to take up his residence in Wales; for a sister of his wife's had long lived in that country, and after her death had persuaded him to settle there. The penitent Matilda was delighted at the prospect of removing from a spot where her history was known; and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to begin the journey, intreated her father to leave the town. A sick bed has often produced the most salutary consequences; for by its influence, the greatest libertines have sometimes been reclaimed: it therefore is not wonderful that the heroine of my story, after her recovery should have found her disposition changed. As a daughter she became both dutiful and affectionate; and by all her acquaintance was generally esteemed.

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

ISLE OF MATRIMONY.

By a Bachelor.

THE Isle of Matrimony is situated on the extremities of the torrid and frozen zones, and consequently the temperature of the air must be very various and unsettled, as the bitterest cold morning has been frequently known to succeed the warmest evening. During the spring this Island experience the most sultry heats, and this to so great an excess, that the heads of its inhabitants are frequently turned; and there is, perhaps, no Island rising above the surface of the ocean, in which are found so many lunatics.—The summers, however, are more temperate and refreshing, and gentle breezes that are wafted from the continent of Prudence sometimes remove the evil occasioned by the violence of the spring. The autumn is a busy and disagreeable season; for then the mind of every thoughtful inhabitant is perpetually employed in the care of their tender vines, in bringing their fruit to perfection, and in finding a proper market for them; but many of their vines are frequently destroyed in their bloom by too tender a treatment, and still more are ruined by the pestiferous blasts from the region of Luxury. The winters in this Isle are horrible indeed; for howling and freezing winds, from the dreary regions of the North, confine the inhabitants to their houses, and sometimes to their beds. At this season, the men grow

fretful and surly, and the women loquacious and scold immediately.

There is one thing peculiar to this Island (as M. Voltaire observes) that strangers are desirous of settling there, while its natural inhabitants would be gladly banished from it. Whoever takes up his abode on this Island, must, by the laws of it, connect himself with a partner, and such partnership nothing can dissolve but the death of one of them; in which case it has frequently been observed, that the surviving party has instantly quitted the Island, and returned to it no more. When strangers first come here, they are highly delighted with the external appearance of harmony between each person and their partner; but they no sooner make a settlement here themselves, than they find, that the nocturnal disease, called by the inhabitants a CURTAIN LECTURE, destroys all their felicity. Among the politest part of the inhabitants of this Island, it is very unfashionable for two partners to be seen in the same company, and nothing is more common than for one to connive at the other's dealing in contraband goods, though the laws are very severe against it; indeed, in this respect, they are such notorious smugglers, that no man with certainty can say, that his most delicate ware is not rifled by others. People in general, on their first settlement in this Island, are, as it were, enchanted with the beautiful appearance of what is called the HONEY MOON; but many of them, before they have a month inhabited the Island, find that what appeared at first to them a splendid luminary, is nothing but a phantom, a mere vapour of the imagination. In short, this Island, which so many represent as the region of delight, as the garden of pleasure, and the centre of all human happiness, is too often found, by experience, to be only the dreary abode of vexation, the odious den of discontent, and the inextricable vale of boundless misery. *Brat. Rep.*

ANECDOTES.

DR. LETHERLAND added to the knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages that of the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Spanish, the German, the French, and the Italian. A buffoonish professional brother of his used occasionally to quote a Greek sentence to him, as one of Galen's or of Hippocrates's. This used to set poor Letherland, who was extremely conversant with the Greek Physicians, to

looking throughout their works, and when his foolish-facetious friend saw him vexed, he would tell him that it was in Aretæus, perhaps. Dr. Letherland, different from many of his brethren, used to say, "that the most degrading part of physic was the taking the fee, the being paid like a carpenter for work done, sometimes, perhaps, undone." A celebrated physician of Bath had that opinion of the utility, the necessity, and the dignity of it, that one day, after having prescribed for himself in an illness without effect, he took a guinea out of his pocket with his left hand, and put it into his right, saying, "I have given myself a fee—I think now I shall prescribe better." The same Physician, on an attendance upon Dr. Barnard, Provost of Eton, who had the palsy in his hands, during the absence of his female relation, who generally was with the patient when the Doctor came, was desired by the Provost "to put his hand into his breeches pocket, and take out one of those shining pieces of metal that have such attractions for Physicians, as well as for other persons. "Why, my worthy friend," replied the Doctor, "will not this be like picking your pocket?" "*Very like it, indeed!* my good Doctor," was the reply.

CAPTAIN DOUGLAS, a gallant Scotch officer, playing at trictrac with a very intimate friend, in a coffee-house in Paris, amidst a circle of French officers who were looking on, some dispute arose about a cast of the dice. Upon which Douglas said, in a gay thoughtless manner, "oh! what a story!" There was an instant murmur among the bystanders; and, his antagonist feeling the affront, as if the lie had been given him, in the violence of his passion, snatched up the tables and hit Douglas a blow on the head. The moment he had done it, the idea of his imprudence, and its probable consequences to himself and his friend, rushed upon his mind: he sat, stupified with shame and remorse, his eyes riveted on the ground, regardless of what the other's resentment might prompt him to act. Douglas, after a short pause, turned round to the spectators: "You think," said he, "that I am now ready to cut the throat of that unfortunate young man; but I know that, at this moment, he feels anguish a thousand times more keen than any my sword could inflict. I will embrace him—thus—and try to reconcile him to himself; but I will cut the throat of that man among you who shall dare

to breathe a syllable against my honour."—"Bravo! Bravo!" cried an old Chevalier de St. Louis, who stood immediately behind him. The sentiment of France overcame its habit, and Bravo! Bravo! echoed from every corner of the room. Every heart felt the magnanimity of Douglas; nor is there a man of principle that reads this anecdote, (for false honour is out of the question) that will not readily allow, that it requires infinitely less courage to fight—than not to fight a duel.

MAHOMED BEY ELPHY MORAT.

THE grand and superb liveries of his attendants are the most elegant ever seen in this country. They are made of superfine scarlet cloath, with green velvet cuffs and collars, with gold loopholes, large gold double epauletts, with three rows of buttons in front, resembling the dress of a light horseman, red waiscoat and breeches, worked with gold, cocked hats, gold loop and button, and tall green feathers.

Mahomed Elphy was born in Georgia, and was purchased when a child by Murad Bey for 1000 sequins. At the age of fifteen he was made an Aga, for the extraordinary bravery he displayed against some rebel Beys. In consequence of an insult offered him by Murad, he deserted that chief, and joined the insurgents. Murad, however, repenting of what he had done, recalled Elphy, and loaded him with fresh favours. Passing over the intermediate rank of Kiaschief, he raised him to a rank equal to his own.

Elphy Bey is remarkable for his courage, agility, and uncommon address and prowess on horseback. He has repeatedly cut off the head of a buffalo, at full gallop, with one stroke of his sabre. He is 43 or 44 years old, about 5 feet 8 inches high, and very corpulent. His countenance is open, and his manners are affable. He is a man of strong natural abilities; but his mind is uncultivated. He can read and write; which is a very uncommon thing among the Mamelukes. He was never brought to terms by the French, during the whole time of their continuance in *Egypt*, but constantly remained in the desert (on which account, he called himself the *Antelope*,) and baffled five divisions of **BUONAPARTE'S** army who were in constant pursuit of him. *London Paper.*

POWER OF AFFECTION.

THE resemblance between the outlines and catastrophe of the following story and those of the fable of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, will readily be perceived. The story is thus related by Ghirardacci, in his history of Bologna.

There were in Bologna two most noble families, the Gieremine and the Lambertacci between whom had long subsisted, not only the party prejudices of Guelphs and Ghibellines, but a rivalry for power and pre-eminence in the state; but neither party animosities, nor family jealousies were able to prevent Imelda, a daughter of Orianda Lambertacci, a very beautiful young lady, from entertaining a partiality for Boniface, a son of Gieremica de Gieremci, a most beautiful young man, who was desperately in love with her. This mutual passion, thus encreasing in their hearts from day to day, the two lovers at last found an opportunity to meet and converse together. The lady's brothers being engaged in some amusements at the house of the Caccianemici, having information of this interview, went to their sister's chamber, and finding Boniface there, fell upon him with their envenomed weapons, and perforated in an instant his breast and his heart, their miserable sister flying in despair from their fury.

Having committed the murder, they concealed the body in a sink which ran under some apartment in the house, and fled from the city.

The murderers being departed, Imelda, full of apprehensions and terrible presages of what she should discover, ventured to her chamber, and seeing upon the floor a rivulet of blood, she followed its direction, and opening the place where her lover lay, she threw her delicate person on his body, still warm and bleeding, and distracted with tenderness and grief, applied her lips to his wounds, and drew in poison with his blood; and, while her thoughts were wholly confounded with the pangs of grief for her lost lover, the poison spread over her whole frame to her heart, and Imelda fell dead in the arms of her Boniface.

An amorous old man has been compared to Mount *Ætna*, the summit is covered with snow, and the inside is full of flame.

The more loaded a tree is with fruit, the more it bends; so, where there is most humility, there is most virtue.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBBLER.—No. II.

Felices ter et amplius

Quos irrupta tenet copula: nec malis

Divulsi querimonius

*Suprema citius solvet amor die.**

Horace.

YES, HORACE, truly hast thou written; in these lines are contained the sentiments of every virtuous heart; he who acknowledges not their truth, has never felt the emotions caused in the heart by virtuous love.—There is not (to use the words of the celebrated STERNE, with a small alteration) an object which God himself can be supposed to look upon with greater pleasure, than a good man, surrounded with an amiable wife and family of children, happy in each other. Whatever has been said or written against marriage, has been, I believe of little effect; the arguments which have been used, though thought by their authors to be strong and cogent, have carried no conviction with them; they have been read without emotion, and then have been forgotten. Should the sentiments which have been often expressed be the real opinions of their authors, they are surely entitled to our pity; if otherwise, they excite only contempt. That the happiness of man is intimately connected in an union with woman, is in my opinion, self-evident, and though the opinions of mankind on most subjects, are various, yet here they generally have agreed. He that attacks customs which have prevailed for ages, acts a foolish, and generally a useless part; but he who attacks the pillars of virtue and happiness; one of the strongest ties which unite society, for such is marriage, acts a part which ought to call down upon his head the vengeance of every good man. If we but view the old bachelor, we shall see how widely different is the situation, in point of happiness, between him and the married man. Whilst young, whilst the passions are eager and seek to be gratified, he may pass along with some degree of pleasure to himself; but when age advances, when the powers of nature begin to fail, then it is that he feels severely his desolate situation. Always raising up imaginary evils, incapable of

* Translation.

Thrice happy they in pure delights
Whom love with mutual bonds unites;
Unbroken by complaints and strife,
And binding each to each for life.

Francis.

receiving any pleasure from those various little events that make others happy, he passes his time regretting the past—hopeless of the future. He becomes subject to hypochondriacal affections, as well as bodily infirmities; and when sinking to the grave, has the satisfaction of knowing that his relations (if he have a fortune) witness his decline, if not with pleasure, at least without much regret. Such is the old bachelor—singular in all his opinions, actions, in short, I never knew one who was like other people. Of what use is he to the world? None—a mere blank in the creation, not answering the purpose for which men are placed here. I grant that there are some (but they are few) who at times do good and generous actions; but how much more advantageous, to a country like this, is he who gives life to a family of children, who provide for, educates, and makes them useful members of society? When such a man dies, he leaves some to regret him; but when the old bachelor is placed in the earth, his relations divide his fortune among them, and without thanking him for providing it, soon lose all remembrance of him. These reflections of STERNE, are exquisitely beautiful, “Let the torpid monk seek heaven comfortless and alone—God speed him;—for my part, I fear I should never so find the way! In whatever situation of life I am placed, give me some companion of my journey, be it only to remark how our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down, how sweet the face of nature, how delightful these fruits!” Immortal STERNE! what mind of feeling and sensibility is there, but must acknowledge their truth, and admire the happy manner of their expression. But whilst we acknowledge that marriage in general is productive of happiness, it must also be confessed, that there are frequently unions, which ought to excite the indignation of every friend of virtue. I mean marriages of interest—how frequently do they (disgracefully for human nature) occur?—how often have I seen the lovely girl of twenty, possessing every charm that can captivate, smothering perhaps, a passion congenial to her heart, and marrying a man twenty or thirty years older than herself; for what? Because he possesses a fortune superior to what she might expect, which will enable her to live in a style of elegance and grandeur. And, for this consideration, are all those sacred emotions of love to be sacrificed?—is that most tender passion to be

stifled in the breast, or rather, is the attempt to stifle it to be made? for utterly to eradicate it is impossible. Yes, unhappily it is true! Love often is sacrificed for interest—But I have gone a sufficient length for the present, and shall continue the subject in a future number.

PHILADELPHUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

JUVENIS SERENUS.—No. II.

No earthly object hath the power to bind,
The vast affections of the immortal mind.

WHILST sitting by myself, reflecting on the many vicissitudes to which mankind are subjected, and calling to my recollection the different scenes of my past life, my attention involuntarily reverted to a consideration of the various schemes projected for the attainment of happiness; almost innumerable are the speculations on this subject! The vain sophister spends his life in unprofitable researches, unwilling to obtain his desired object by simple means; he searches through all the murky mazes of his beclouded imagination, and is disappointed in the end: whilst the poor peasant, whose knowledge in science, extends not farther than to the cultivation of a little spot of ground, marked out by the hand of unerring Providence, as the only, but sure means of his support, cherishes it in his own breast.—Surely happiness is the tranquil mind, blessed with a sweet resignation to the will of him who careth for all, and without whose knowledge and permission “not a sparrow can fall to the ground.”—“God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” and is equally the shield of kings:—God sways the sceptre of the universe, he also reigns in the heart of the humble cottager;—his dwelling is in the heavens, yet he condescends to visit the habitations of mortals.—Shall sublunary joys vie with supernal felicity!—Let us consider the instability of all the enjoyments which can be derived from earthly objects,—how gloomy do they appear when put in competition with those irradiating beams which enlighten the mind of him who derives all his happiness from the contemplation of those unfading delights, of which he anticipates the possession, when the pale messenger death shall introduce him into the world of spirits.

Myro is the friend of my youth; he stretches out his willing hand to guide

my unexperienced feet; he points out to me the snares with which vice has encompassed the path of virtue, and communicates light to direct my steps when bewildered in the dark labyrinths of uncertainty. Unsuspecting, I sally forth on the gay pinions of fancy—but the whisper of MYRO, “be virtuous if you would be happy,”—often protects me from those misfortunes which my credulity would otherwise plunge me into.—What can induce MYRO thus to seek my happiness?—Well he knows the pure comforts which spring from a conscientiousness of performing a duty, which shall ever be recorded with gratitude in my heart, and which heaven will sanction with an approving smile.—I consider him as my guardian angel, who leads me to those streams which flow from the primeval Fountain of all good. When the brittle thread of life shall be broken—when the world shall know us no more, we shall meet, never to be separated, in those mansions of uncloying felicity, where perfect happiness shall be ours for ever.

SERENUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

Wen du schreibest,—schreibe so das dich deine Leser verstehen.

THE advice contained in my motto, cannot be directed with greater propriety to any class of writers, than those who head their pieces with mottos, which perhaps, not one half of their readers understand; when I see a motto, in Greek or Latin, or some language not generally understood, I am apt to conclude, the writer is willing to inform his readers he understands more than one language, and am at the same time displeased, because, perhaps I cannot comprehend its meaning myself; for the benefit of plain English readers, I advise those learned scribes, to furnish them with a translation; for I am at a loss to conceive what service it can be to the reader, to see a piece headed with a motto, which perhaps, is very fine Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldean, Syriac or some other language, if he does not understand it.

But if it is displeasing to see a motto of this kind, what must it be to see a quotation? When the writer tells us in English that it is very fine, that it contains as many beauties as could be placed in ten times the number of lines written on the same subject—what is all this to the English reader? It is like presenting

a person, who has a gag in his mouth, with a very fine dish of—no matter what, something which he is told is excellent, delicious, &c. and refusing to remove the gag, which prevents him from proving its excellency, by demonstration. But, we are told by some, these mottos, or quotations, are not written to please the plain English reader, but men of learning, taste &c. well, this may be; but if they are written for the entertainment of the learned only, why do they not write their whole pieces in the same language? it would certainly be very gratifying to their learned friends, inasmuch as a great deal of a good thing is better than a little; another thing we are told, many of these aforesaid mottos, quotations, &c. cannot be so well expressed in English; this may be, but let the writers translate them nevertheless, as well as they can, or, I will, out of pure spite, believe they do not understand them:—to prove that this is not the case with me, I will give you a translation of my own motto, though you must excuse me from telling you who is the author of it, or (if you do not know) in what language it is written: Now ye learned scribes, I have not a doubt but you will say, I do not understand Latin, Greek, &c. this cannot possibly be any of your business, neither shall I tell you I do, because, before you get this far, you will have formed your opinion and would not be (even) thought to write falsehood, I will therefore let you remain in ignorance and bid you farewell.

Translation of the motto—When you write,—write so that your readers may understand you.

ADELIO.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF *William Emmerson.*

WILLIAM EMMERSON was born near Darlington, in the county of Durham, in the year 1701; his father, who was a schoolmaster, taught him reading, writing, arithmetic and a little latin; he also obtained some knowledge of the learned languages from a young gentleman who boarded with his father; his youth however, was truly boyish, as till he was near twenty years of age, his greatest amusement for one season of the year was that of seeking birds' nests; but after this period, he paid considerable attention to the mathematics, until the time

of his marriage, which took place in the 32nd or 33d year of his age. His wife was the niece of a Dr. JOHNSON, an eminent surgeon, who, previous to her marriage, had promised to give her 500*l.* for her marriage portion. EMMERSON, after marriage, reminded the Doctor of his promise, but received nothing more than contempt; upon this he immediately went home and packed up all his wife's cloathes, which he sent to the Doctor, swearing at the same time, that he would prove himself to be the better man of the two, for which purpose, he determined to study until he should become one of the first mathematicians of the age; accordingly, by intense application, he amassed such a fund of mathematical knowledge as enabled him to publish a learned treatise on fluxions, which, together with his subsequent publications on algebra, geometry, conics, optics, mechanics and astronomy, established his fame as a mathematician, and will remain a lasting monument of his penetrating genius. We shall now take a view of his private life. EMMERSON was rather below the common size, but compact, active and strong, having an expressive countenance and a keen eye; his dress was very simple though perhaps a little singular; his hats were made with extravagant brims, one of which having lost its elasticity induced him to cut it all off except a nib in the front, which gave it the form of a jockey's cap; his wigs, which were made of flaxen coloured hair, soon became disordered, as they never underwent the operation of the comb; in cold weather, he wore his shirts with the apperture behind; but this was in conformity to another part of his dress, for he seldom wore more than one coat, or rather a waist-coat with sleeves, which was buttoned at the bottom only; he also wore, in cold weather, shin covers made of old sacking; this singularity of dress, together with his profound learning, induced the vulgar to suppose he was a conjuror, and many of them will yet tell what feats he performed, particularly how, by magic virtue, he pinned a designing fellow in the top of his pear or cherry tree, and compelled him to sit there in view of the congregation going to, and returning from church; that he did compel the fellow to sit in the tree, is true, but the magic consisted in standing at the bottom with a hatchet, and swearing, that if he came down he would cut his legs off. He was by many, supposed to be an atheist, but he used to say, he did not merely believe in the ex-

istence of a God, but that he was certain of it to a demonstration; yet he did not always speak respectfully of revealed religion, or the church of England; neither did he allow the clergy the entire privilege of expounding the scriptures, but examined them for himself, and collected two small quarto vols. of what he conceived to be contradictory passages, these he arranged confronting each other on opposite pages. His living was very temperate, and his meals gave little interruption to his studies; during his days of close application, he seldom sat down to meals, but retired to his study with a piece of cold pye or meat, and satisfied his appetite for food and knowledge at the same time. When his stock of provisions grew low, he went to the market of Darlington, whither he mostly walked, for he seldom kept a horse, and when he had one, he would lead him home, bearing the wallet of provisions on his own shoulder. The last time he visited Darlington, he rode, having his horse led by a boy hired for that purpose. EMERSON oftentimes endeavoured to reduce his theories to practice, so that his house was replete with all kinds of mechanical machines constructed on a small scale. He understood music, and the theory of sounds, but he was a poor performer. He did not wish to be admitted a member of the Royal Society, for he said it was a hard thing that a man should burn as many farthing candles as he had done, and then have to pay so much a year for the honour of having F. R. S. after his name; during the greater part of his life he had enjoyed good health, but for some time before his death, he was extremely afflicted with the stone and gravel; in the most excruciating fits he would crawl round the room on his hands and knees, sometimes praying, and at other times swearing and devoutly wishing that the mechanism of the human frame had been so contrived as to go to wreck without so much clitter-my-clather; as he grew weaker, the violence of the disorder abated, and he died on the 21st of May, 1782, in the 81st year of his age. EMERSON was singular and uncouth in his manners, and impetuous in his temper, but he possessed a firm and independent mind, which no power on earth could make submit to any thing disingenuous, and beneath a forbidding exterior he concealed a candid heart; in fine, he was a man to be admired rather than imitated; his wife survived him near two years. They had no children. ✽

MILITARY BEAUTIES; OR, *The Adventures of a Camp.*

SIR CHARLES PLUME was descended, in a right line, from one of the most famous heroes in the reign of Elizabeth. Even in the lisping age of childhood, he delighted in heroic deeds: the history of the Seven renowned Champions of Christendom, had been read by him so frequently, that he was inspired with the same enthusiasm of chivalry as his favourite St. George, the patron of England: he wished to encounter a dragon, and not being able to meet with that chimerical being, frequently exerted his prowess against some less remarkable ones. The turn he shewed for feats of arms, followed him from the spring to the winter of life; and his discourse was replete with sieges, battles, and the deeds of English warriors.

When a regular militia was formed in England, he used his interest to be appointed to a command; and when he put on his sash, thought himself in the direct road to eclipse the glory of the king of Prussia, and thirsted for an historian, like Curtius, to decorate him with all the romantic feats of an Alexander.

His father, who had long watched him with the eyes of precaution, endeavoured in vain to bias him to business. He thought, that if he could engage him to sacrifice to the Graces, he might, like a second Hercules, change the club for a distaff, and he invited to his house the most engaging females in the neighbourhood. To some the behaviour of young Plume appeared absurd, to others worthy of attention. Miss Sash, by studying romances, and imbibed similar sentiments with himself, had wished for a husband, who, like him, could talk of warlike feats, and would encounter any dangers in defence of female chastity. Whenever Plume mentioned St. George, she would immediately recount the valorous feats of renowned Guy earl of Warwick; and though she was unable to support his character against the *canonized drummer and bacon-seller*, she thought he approached nearer to him than any other of the seven champions of Christendom.

Miss Sash's connection and apparent predilection for Plume, gave her father some uneasiness, as a military character was no favorite with him. He associated all the supposed vices of a soldier to all his acknowledged virtues; and thought that an acquaintance with a scarlet coat was dangerous to female chastity. He

intimated his sentiments to Miss Sash as soon as he discovered her *penchant*, and recommended to her choice one of a pacific disposition. Fired with all the romantic virtues of chivalry, his daughter thought that opposition was the best test of courage: she disdained the civic crown, the mercantile walk, the olive grove of peace, and wished for the temples encircled with laurel. Young Bernard had long wished for the honour of her hand; but his disposition was so counter to hers, that she looked down upon all his attentions with disdain; and though he was favoured by her father, made no progress in his suit. One word of martial sound from Plume, was worth volumes of tender expressions from Bernard: yet he was not discouraged. He resolved to gain the place by regular approaches, which he found he could not carry by storm; and determined to carry on a siege as long as that of Troy, rather than lose the object of his wishes. His chief endeavour was to divert her mind from its favourite bias, and to engage her to the love of those virtues which are characteristic of her sex; but he found that he lost ground every time he visited her, and that Mars would have the ascendancy over Venus. When sincerity will not succeed, it is not unusual to have recourse to craft: and craft will frequently effect what the other cannot promise.

Bernard, before he adopted this manœuvre, informed Miss Sash's father of his intentions, who highly approved of his ingenuity. The only obstacle he had to put his scheme in practice was, the strong aversion his father always had to a military employment. He endeavoured by the most soothing persuasions to engage him to consent to his assuming an appearance of what he equally disliked; and as he pitied Miss Sash on account of the ridiculous character she assumed, and knew that the match was advantageous, he grew pliable, and wished to give a sanction to his son's dissimulation.

When a London horse association was instituted, Bernard enlisted among the corps, and signalized himself in the time of the riots, which threatened the most dreadful consequences to national credit. He visited Miss Sash frequently in his military uniform; he addressed her *en militaire*, and found himself received on better terms than ever. Notwithstanding, he found that Plume still engrossed her affections, and that the only way to supplant him would be to convince her

that his boasted courage was not real. For this purpose he got acquainted with the camp hero, indulged him in his romantic turn for chivalry, and found that his courage consisted in words, and that he durst not face those dangers which he pretended to despise. Having gained this secret, he was determined to make the best advantage of it, and looked upon Miss Sash as a sure conquest. He wished for nothing more than to have an interview with her in company of the captain, but was at a loss how to prevail on her to consent to the visit.

What he despaired to accomplish, chance itself effected. During the rage of visiting the camp at Coxheath, Miss Sash made a party with Miss Pugh, to go thither dressed *en militaire*. Bernard, by means of her maid, was apprised of her intentions; he went down the day before, was introduced to Plume, and announced the honour that was intended him. The captain heard with a disdainful smile, and as he was informed of his attachment, thought him rather an object of pity. Miss Sash arrived, in company with Miss Pugh, both in military uniforms; Plume received them with all the dignity of a soldier, and condescended so far as to say, that they had conferred an honour upon him. After some refreshment in his tent, they set out to view the camp, and were highly pleased with the information the captain gave them. As they were going to take leave, Bernard stepped forwards and assured them, that he should see them safe to town, smiling at the same time in the captain's sight. Plume was at a loss whether to resent or to connive at the intended affront; and while he was hesitating, Bernard drew him aside, and with a whisper told him, that he must either fight for Miss Sash, or else quit all pretensions towards her. Plume thinking that a fierce look was less dangerous than a two-edged weapon, discharged one at his competitor, who immediately put his hand on his sword. Plume now grew pale, and Bernard led away Miss Sash in triumph.

In their return to town he rallied her for her predilection for Plume; he expatiated on the tranquil joys of civil life; he exposed the foibles, the dangers of the military; he enlarged on those virtues which are characteristic in the sex, and he convinced her, that the school of the Graces was better adapted to a woman, than the school of Mars, or military dissipation.

Philadelphia, Feb'y 18, 1804.

Miscellaneous Articles.

The states of Ohio, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, North-Carolina, and Vermont, have agreed to the proposed amendment of the Constitution of the U. States; Delaware, and Massachusetts have rejected it.—In Virginia, the subject of a penitentiary has been reconsidered, and leave is given to report in regard to the penal laws, death for a rape, arson, burglary and highway robbery. The allowance to such prisoners as are discharged, is to be limited. Provision is to be made for the punishment of such as escape from confinement. The term of 18 months is to be made for a board of Officers to regulate the penitentiary.—There are applications now before the legislature of the state of Massachusetts for eight new banks, and upwards of forty turnpike roads.—The Theatre in N. York was sold at public Auction for 43,000 dollars.

Accounts received by a person lately from a voyage in the Mediterranean, state, that hundreds of French volunteers (or conscript troops) were marching to Marseilles, in chains.—Letters from Jamaica received at New-Providence, mention, that Gen. Rochambeau, Com. Barney, and part of the French St. Domingo army, have been sent to England.—By a letter from Jamaica (says a N. York paper) it is stated that about the 1st Sept. the French at St. Domingo, were actually feeding on those very blood-bounds which they had procured to hunt down the Blacks.

CHRISTIAN'S LOOKING-GLASS.

Proposals are issued by D. Hogan and W. Marshall for printing by subscription, "*The Christian's Looking-Glass; or, Timorous Soul's Guide*, by the Rev. Timothy Priestly."—This work is recommended to the serious part of the community, by the Rev. Philip Milledoler, and the Rev. Dr. Asbhel Green.

CLARKSON ON SLAVERY.

Proposals will shortly be issued, from the Office of the Repository, for printing by subscription, an *Essay on the Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species, particularly the African*, translated from a Latin Dissertation of the Rev. THOMAS CLARKSON, A. M. which was honored with the FIRST PRIZE in the University of Cambridge for the year 1785; with additions: "*Neque premendo alium me extulisse velim*."—This work is written in a style of elegance which recommends it to the polite reader, and is replete with arguments which will render it interesting to the friends of Humanity.

MARRIED—On Saturday evening 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstine, Mr. George Wilson, of this city, to Miss Susan Mitchell of the Northern Liberties.

—at Tulphoccon on Tuesday evening 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hendel, Jacob Hendel, Esq. of Carlisle, to Miss Mary Flickwire, of this city.

DIED—On the 13th inst. Mr. Cropley Rose, in the 55th year of his age.

—on the 14th inst. Mr. William Littlewood, wt. 35.

—at Mountholly on the 13th inst. Dr. Stacey Budd, wt. 64.

—at Northumberland, on the 6th inst. Dr. Joseph Priestly, in the 71st year of his age.

To Correspondents.

Reflections on the Slave Trade, a Poem—received; also, the Communications of Proteus.

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*"—the author is requested to consider well the meaning of his motto, and he will be sensible that the destruction of his communication is a less evil, than its insertion would be.

The letter box, for the reception of communications, is still open at the book-store of Mr. Hogan, in third street, opposite the bank of the U. States.

*. Subscribers will please to notice that the second payment of 25 cents, will be collected by the carriers on Saturday next.

Lately Published,

And for sale at the Book-store of

Jacob Johnson,

No. 147, Market-street, Philadelphia,

THE Young Ladies Mentor, or extracts in prose and verse for the promotion of virtue and morality, by Eliza Leslie of Philadel. 6s
Juvenile Miscellany, including some natural history, for the use of children, with 18 engravings 1s
Mentorial Tales, for the instruction of young ladies just leaving school and entering upon the theatre of life, by Mrs. Pilkington 10s
A Premium, designed as a reward for Diligence, ornamented with 18 engravings 3s
A Cabinet of various Objects—a small box containing 30 engravings, with two small volumes of explanations 7s
A New Spelling Alphabet for Children—a neat box in which are a number of single letters on cards, with one first book for spelling 8s
Bible Stories—memorable acts of the ancient judges, patriarchs and kings, by W. Scofield 50
Same Book in gilt binding 75
Economy of Human Life (a neat edition) 27
Same Book in fine binding 62
Road to Learning (a new edition) 31
Footsteps to the Natural History of Birds, with cuts 25
Children in the Wood, with elegant engravings 37
History of Lazy Lawrence 25
Search after Happiness, by Hannah Moore 25

A variety of other small publications, making the most valuable collection of interesting matter heretofore offered to the American youth.

J. Johnson proposes to devote most of his attention to the juvenile department of his store, with an expectation of giving satisfaction to his numerous little customers and their parents.

Ornamental Hair.

FOR sale by JOSEPH CLEMENS, No. 102, South Second Street, corner of Dock Street, an elegant assortment of Ladies Wigs, of the latest European Fashions, consisting of Helmets, Caskets, Grecian, Turban, Cecilian, Savage Crops and Rustic Wigs—made in a superior style, and on the most reasonable terms.—Orders will be thankfully received and dispatched at the shortest notice.

N. B. Wanted, two or three experienced workmen, none need apply but such as are fully acquainted with their business.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following *pathetic and elegant* piece of composition, is extracted from the *Boston Weekly Magazine*. I must confess, sir, my reason for wishing to see the production of ALONZO in the Repository is, that your *puny* correspondents may be sensible (by comparison) of the mere *jingling* habit into which they have fallen. Here *rhyme and reason* bill together like two new coupled doves; and *sensibility, sweet sensibility* governs the whole.

Ye *sing-song* rhymsters learn to imitate: you have no fire, no animation in your poetry; and as for the passion of *love*, compared to that of ALONZO, your hearts are as cold as the dreary wastes of Lapland.

I also send you, Mr. Editor, a small piece of something (it can't be called poetry) addressed to ALONZO.

THE FAIR OF BERKSHIRE.

WHERE Massachusetts lifts her farthest bound—

By Lebanon's fair hills encircled round,
Lies a sweet vale, where nature pours profuse,
Her choicest gifts, for ornament and use;

There dwells a maid, *fairest* among the fair,
Endow'd by nature with her choicest care,
And every grace bestow'd by polish'd art,
Gives her to *charm* the eye and *fix* the heart.

On the sweet accents of her angel tongue,
My senses in admiring rapture hung,
And all unconscious of the danger nigh,
Drank love's delicious poison from her eye.

But soon, too soon the pleasing trance is o'er,
I wake, alas! to taste of peace no more—
Not vain enough, to *hope* to gain the prize,
In speedy flight my only safety lies.

In the near pool my fever'd form I lave,
The gentle spring becomes a boiling wave;
Love's fire, full soon pervades the luke-warm flood,
Its current heated by my burning blood.

But *Balsaton's* iron stream, full surely flows,
A cooling draught to give my heart repose—
Ah no! the liquid fire within my veins,
From melted ice increase of heat proclaims.

Mid the gay haunts, let fashion's votaries seek,
To call fresh roses, on the faded cheek;
Here let the languid belle and yawning beau
Find health and spirits from these waters flow.

To other scenes my restless spirit hies,
In search of peace, to solitude it flies;
Through fertile vales, my lengthened course I bend,
Or mountains' solitary sides ascend.

But pensive, wandering 'neath the silent shade,
Ne'er sleeping fancy lends her powerful aid,
To paint in glowing tints the bliss divine,
To call yon cottage, and lov'd MIRA mine;

Or mounted on *Asutney's* towering height,
Where the long prospect pains the aching sight,
O'er the wide space, imagination points,
To the cool shades which lovely MIRA haunts.

Now mid the follies of a city life,
Where sense with fashion holds continual strife,
In the full crowd I mix with vacant stare,
Alike all faces—MIRA is not there.

ALONZO.

TO ALONZO.

HAIL, master of the burning lyre!
Thy melting notes we must admire:
For well I wot, thou art
Of that melodious race, the *Nine*,
Who pipe, as authors say, divine
If they but **** *.

Sure, all the muses' wit conjoin'd,
Kindles in thy creative mind,
And dazzles us with light;
Apollo now, his golden beams
Need quench in dull Lethæan streams,
And quit the Delian height.

O come to this impoverish'd quarter,
And touch the *Delaware's* smooth water,
The pride, I ween, of 'Davy;
Shad, sturgeon, cat-fish in a trice
Shall all be cook'd (O luscious!) nice,
And mud be turn'd to gravy!!!

RIGNUMFUNDIBUS.

Philad. Feb. 13, 1804.

* Davy Jones.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

HOFFNUNG.

WIE des morgens helle licht
Die dunkeln schatten 'nachts durchbricht,
Und die ganze welt erfriert
Mit des tages herlichkeit.

So wann grosse traurigkeit —
Laest den menschen keine freud,
Wann verzweiflung angst und schmerz
Fuehl das arme, banges hertz.

Geht die sonne Hoffnungs auf,
Und im traur'gem brust sein lauf
Beginnt; dann flicht traurigkeit,
Und die brust ist voller freud.

Von verzweiflung, angst und schmerz
Ist befreit das bange hertze, —
O! es bringt die Hoffnungs sonne,
Seeligkeit, und grosse wonne.

ADELIO.

.. A poetical translation is requested.

ON WISHING.*

Infantis precibus—et inania vota.

OF all the ills with which the mind is curst,
Wishes—the dreams of fancy, are the worst,
The wild deliriums of the sickly soul,
Which reason's boasted pow'rs can ne'er controul:
Tho' hope forbids, the flatt'ring phantoms rise,
And heave the bosom with eternal sighs.
Pursuing these, the fond deluded mind
Pants in the chace, and leaves content behind;
Content! the fountain of perpetual joys,
Which sickness, pain, nor poverty destroys.
While these fleet shadows mock the void embrace,
And ev'n when nearest urge an endless race:
So vain *Ixion*, of his passion proud,
Pursu'd a goddess—but embrac'd—a cloud.

Let changing life be varied as it will,
This weakness still attends, afflicts us still.
Displeas'd for ever with our present lot,
This we possess, as we possess'd it not;
For future, present good we rashly stake,
And life becomes the dream of those who wake.
Not all the wealth unbounded space would hold,
Could slake the miser's burning thirst for gold;
Not all the charms that bloom beneath the sky,
The lecher's wish for pleasure could supply;
Put earth's whole globe in wild ambition's pow'r,
O'er one poor world sh e'd weep, and wish for more.
To birth add fortune, add to fortune fame,
Give the desiring soul its utmost claim:
The wish recurs—"some object unpossess'd
"Corrodes, distastes and leavens all the rest,
And still to death from being's earliest ray,
Th' unknown to-morrow cheats us of to-day.

Yet not in vain, but for the noblest end,
Heav'n bids a constant sigh for bliss ascend.
'Tis love divine which moves th' inviting prize
Before, and still before us, to the skies,
Led by our foible forward till we know
The good which satisfies is not below.
Thus driv'n from earth, at last we seek the sky,
And find that heav'n can ev'ry wish supply;
Where streams of pleasure inexhausted roll,
Deep, clear, divine, and suited to the soul.
Happy who toils so rich a prize to gain,
To wish for this—is not to wish in vain,

* See Repository, No. iii. p. 24.

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